

(A)

GREEN  
BLADDER  
PRODUCTION

# IVOR

## THE ANARCHIST

### COMIC BOOK NO. 2

20P

CO-STARRING



# IVOR IN AFRICA?

The address to write to is : John Green, 6/3 West Granton Grove, Edinburgh.  
EH4 4JF, SCOTLAND. U.K..

This issue is dedicated to Phil Silvers.

### THE IDIOTORIAL!!

Hello there fellow turdeaters and welcome to the second issue of this here comickbook. I know last time we said there'd be a review space and a letters page but there isn't enough room, so tough!!

The response to our last issue was really good so I hope you'll all let us know what you think of this issue.

The reason it's taken so long to get this out to you is basically John's alcoholism. Mind you it didn't help when Mick ran off to America to draw for DC Comics. Anyway enough of this twaddle, enjoy the comic and I'll be seeing you.

Love, peace and comix

from  
THE RUBBER MAN.

THANX AND HELLO TO :- Crammy( It's time to die amigo!), Deek( Ye turd!) Allam, Murph( Don't fuck with the Wongs!), THE DEGENERATES, everyone who goes to OI POLLOI gigs, Mike( ALARM fam), Rab, Rattus Nigra, Guw, Gaw, Colin, Billy( the Goth), Gilliam,, Ozzy, Luci, Liza( the psychedelia), Laura, Tanya, Nicki( of the Welsh horses), Nicki( James Deam fam), Theresa( Miss Peanut Butter), Jill( mental hard!!), Steve and A.O.A., Hoggy, Boggy, Deek, CONSTANT STATE, Captain Crass, SELF DESTRUCT( R.I.P.), Elaine, ANNE, Mandy, Wende, Debs, Spider, Bog-chain, Paul Speakman, The spirit of Terry Thomas, Chris( I'm Angry) Low, George, Kew, Paul( Cleveland), Kew 22, Paul May, "Flipside", "Max.R"m'R", CRASS, CONFLICT, SUBHUMANS, ICONS OF FILTH, SAD SOCIETY, Rodney and Linda, all the Bladder Boys, Animal, Bill, all GOD TOLD ME TO DO IT fans, Gray, Caroline, our families, Davy hardcore, Davie( ex-DISTEMPER), THE APOSTLES, Rich Humour, Seam Faction, Graham ("Crash Course"), Crag( T-shirts), Brian( badges), Pressgang( printing), Sik o' War, Tez, Hammy, Fast Fiction, Tim( C.O.R.), Simon( "Sparse"), MEMBRANES, Higgs, TOXIC WASTE, Dom, Pierre, Rene and all the Boogins crew, Lol and Lomice, Bazzy, Dig Keith and Dena, Fif, Viz Comics, Alan, Phil Hedgehog, Matthew, Robin, Mo, Set, STUPIDS, Mary( U.S.A.), Dave DEFORMED, Shane, Dave O'Bryne, James BZAG, Shane and Phil( Manic Ears), Goran, Seal, Muz, Jason, MARTIAL LAW, Donny, Steve Vagabond, Mick Slaughter, Pete Scott, Craig( Treblinka Records), James Pax, Jamesy and all the Beal crew, Fraggie, Andy "Burnt Out", Tomto, DISORDER, HATES, Swift Nick, Kenny, Scrapheap, John( Bradford), Jess, Noah Fence, every zine that's ever reviewed or featured Ivor, Rut, Corry, Geo, Elog, Simon, Scruff, Boo, Ollie, everyone who helped sell the last issue or bought it and everyone who helps sell this one or buys it, sorry if we've forgotten you - it's probably 'cos we're such bastards!!!

THE STORY SO FAR...( Why didn't you buy the last issue you cheapskate!!) Ivor forms a band and calls it THE VOMIT ENCRUSTED CHIP BUTTIES. After one practice they start gigging - much to the horror of the public!! They visit a studio, record a demo and release a single "Fuck Everybody who Voted Tory!!" on NO FUN records. The single is a smash hit and the band have the misfortune of being interviewed by Garry Bastoid and appearing on Top Of The Pops.

Whilst back on the road, a mysterious figure with magical powers calling himself "The Spirit of Punk Past" makes his appearance and saves our heroes from the badies( the police silly!!). Their manager? Mr. Fatman, gets them to go on a TV chat show and Mart causes quite a stir by suggesting that Conservative MPs aren't all that honest!! Now read on.....( Exciting isn't it?).

"Ivor the Anarchist" comicbook is an amateur, non-profit-making magazine.  
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# LIVOR THE ANARCHIST

CREDIT CARD	
SCRIPT	ART
JOHN GREEN	MICK BLADDER

**HAVING CAUSED HAVOC IN THE T.V. STUDIOS, OUR HEROES MAKE THEIR EXIT ONLY TO FIND**

HERE THEY COME... IS IT TRUE, MART, THAT YOU ARE A GAY COMMIE WHO HAS SYMPATHIES WITH THE CRAZY WORKING CLASSES... OFF!

OUT OF MY WAY, WE AINT GONNA TALK TO YOU! YOU'LL PRINT YOUR OWN VERSION NO MATTER WHAT WE SAY!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN WHEN YOU SAY THE WORKING ARE THE MOST EVIL THING SINCE THE 3RD REICH?

WHY ARE YOU DISSATISFIED WITH THIS GREAT COUNTRY WHY DONT YOU FUCH OFF TO RUSSIA!

BASICALLY WE ARE WORKING TOWARDS A WORLD WHERE PEOPLE CAN BE THEMSELVES AND BE WHAT THEY WANT TO WITHOUT THE FEAR OF BEING RIDICULED OR VICTIMISED BY THOSE WHO ARE STRONGER.

©84 GREEN BLADDER - CHEERS TO CRAMMY!

NEXT DAY IN THE GUTTER PRESS

**THE SCUM**

**DIRTY SMELLY PUNKS WANT ANARCHY**

**SECRET OF THOSE SEX VIGARS** (PART 12)

**LAST DAY TO SUE FOR DIVORCE SHOCK**

**MINER TO BE SHOT ON SIGHT**

**ELSEWHERE TROUBLE IS BREWING**

THESE VOMIT ENCRUSTED CHIP-BUTTIES ARE SLIPPERY CUSTOMERS ALRIGHT, THEY TERMINATED TWO OF MY FINEST MEN WHILST IN THE EXECUTION OF THEIR DUTIES AND THE SPIRIT OF PUNK PAST IS USING EM TO TRY TO GET PEOPLE TO ACTUALLY TO GET THEM TO THINK!

YES, THAT'S WHY I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED, AT ALL COSTS THE POPULATION MUST BE STOPPED FROM THINKING, OR THEY'LL REALISE HOW MUCH THEY'RE BEING CONNED, WE'RE NOT DEALING WITH NORMAL DISSENTINARY FOOLS, THEY KNOW THE TRUTH AND SO MUST BE DESTROYED

REMEMBER A PUNK IS A MINOR IN A MINORITY HAS RIGHTS

**AN AIRPORT**

I THINK ITS BEST THAT YOU BOYS LEAVE THE COUNTRY FOR A WHILE, YOU UPSET QUITE A FEW IMPORTANT PEOPLE. ANYWAY YOU'LL ENJOY AFRICA, MY FRIEND NELSON KTWANGA WILL LOOK AFTER YOU ALL.

THIS LOOKS GOOD, I'LL HAVE TO LEARN TO LEAD ONE DAY!

YEAH, SUITS ME, I'LL GIVE US TIME TO SLING AN L.P. TOGETHER.

I HATE AIR PORTS

**LATER IN AFRICA**

GREETINGS, OH MIGHTY CHIP-BUTTIES, FROM THE LAND OF MUCH RAIN AND NO WORK, NELSON KTWANGA OF THE SHUVA TRIBE

CUT THE TOURIST CRAP, CAN I GET A PINT OF CIDER?

GLAD TO MEET YOU, IM MART, THE PART, WELL KNOWN INTERNATIONAL TERRORIST!

WHERE'S ALL THE LIONS, EH?

OH POLLO!

**BACK IN THE NASTY U.K.**

I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE THE GROUP IS, AND IF I DID I WOULDN'T TELL YOU, I'VE INVESTED HEAVILY IN THOSE LADS, I KNOW MY RIGHTS, I DONT HAVE TO SAY A WORD!

NOW LISTEN, YOU HIPPIY BASTARD, IF YOU DONT TELL ME WHERE YOUR HIS SUBVERSIVE SUGGLIGANS, I'LL HAVE MY MEN TEAR OFF YOUR LEGS AND HIT YOU WITH THE SONGY EADS, GET IT!

WELL, IF YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, ITS MY DUTY AS A RESPONSIBLE CITIZEN TO COOPERATE, THEY'RE IN AFRICA

**IN NELSON KTWANGA'S HOUSE**

SO WHAT KIND OF MUSIC ARE YOU GOING TO UNLEASH UPON THE EARS OF THE WORLD?

I DONT CARE AS LONG AS ITS SHIT-KICKING AND HEAVY AS HELL

WE'VE GOT TO TAKE ALL OUR INFLUENCES AND MAKE MUSIC THATS CATCHY, ALSO WITH A MESSAGE, BUT THATS NOT BLAND OR JUST A NOISE

ITS GOT TO BE PUNK AND HAVE LOTS OF SWEARING IN IT

I HATE AFRICA

ITS GOT TO BE NOISY OR ITS NOT PUNK, YA GIT!

CHAOS

**BACK AT THE AFRICAN AIRPORT**

RIGHT, YOU BLACK SOCIALIST BASTARD, TELL ME STRAIGHT HAVE YOU SEEN THESE HIGHLY DANGEROUS PEOPLE RECENTLY!

CUSTOMS YES-SIR, I DO RECALL THAT HAIRCUT, I THINK THEY'RE GUESTS OF NELSON KTWANGA!

NELSON KTWANGA, EH, SOUNDS LIKE A SUBVERSIVE IF I EVER HEARD ONE, RIGHT, WE'LL HAVE THAT BASTARD AS WELL THEN!

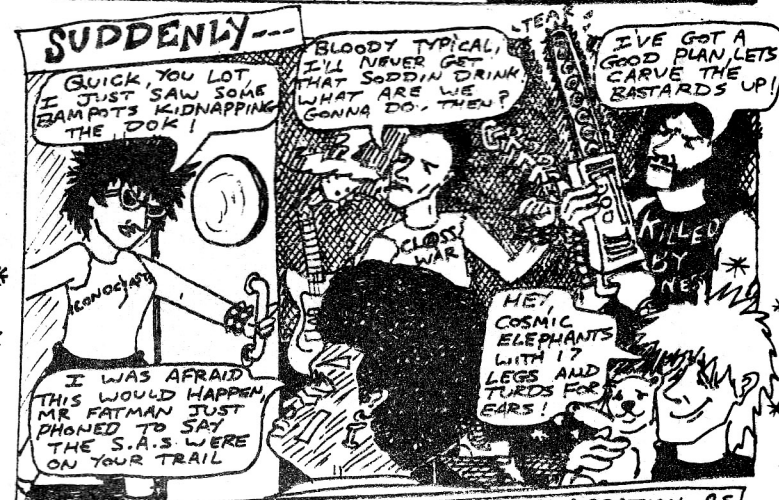
TO BE CONTINUED



# IVOR THE ANARCHIST

©85 GREEN/BLADDER No 13  
LYRICS ©85 DEEK ALLAN (of Pollar)

CREDIT CARD	
SCRIPT	ART
JOHN GREEN	MICK BLADDER







FOUR HEROES ARE STILL IN AFRICA AND  
FIGHTERS OF THE S.A.S.







# IVOR

# THE ANARCHIST

CREDIT CARD	
SCRIPT	ART
JOAN GREEN	MICK BLADDER

THE VOMIT ENCRUSTED CHIP BUTTIES ARE LEAVING AFRICA AFTER DEFEATING THE S.A.S.



LATER OUR LOVABLE BUT ANARCHIC HEROES ARRIVE BACK ON BRITISH SOIL...



ON THE WAY...



FINALLY AT CRUISE MISSILE RECORDS HEAD OFFICE





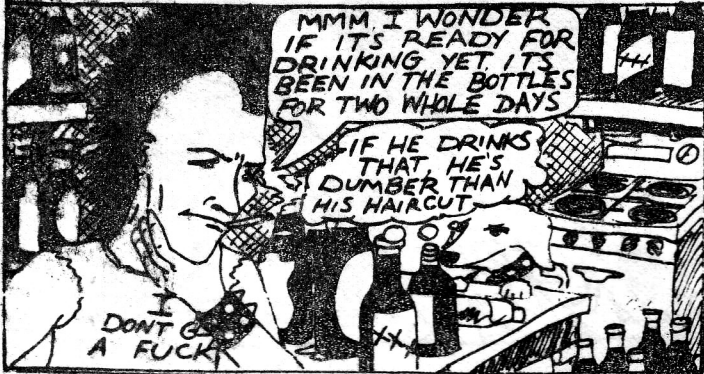
# IVOR THE ANARCHIST

CREDIT CARD	
SCRIPT	ART
JOHN GREEN	MICK BLADDER

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## IN THE TERROR OF THE HOME BREW BEAST

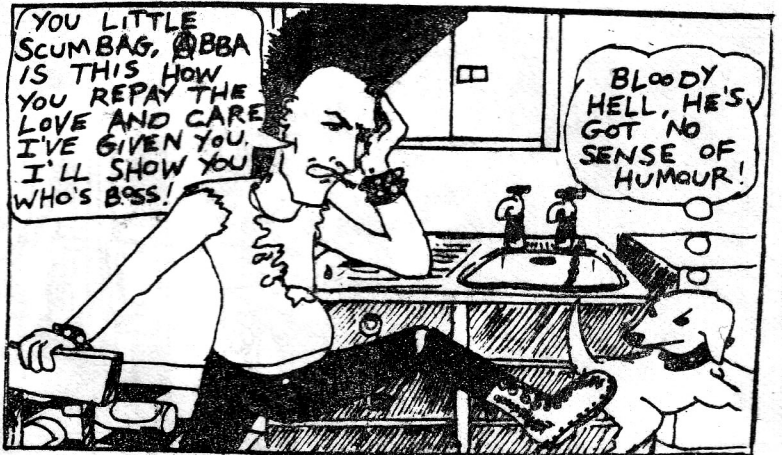
TO SAVE MONEY, IVOR HAS PUT HIS HAND TO PRODUCING HOME BREW BEER



USING HIS REMAINING 1/3 BRAIN CELLS, IVOR SWIFTLY COMES TO A DECISION



TWO DAYS LATER



BUT, DEAR READER, THE MIXTURE OF HOME BREW AND DOG FOOD HAVE A DRAMATIC EFFECT



IVOR IS TRANSFORMED INTO A PSYCHOPATHIC BOOZE LUSTING HOME BREW MONSTER-EVEN STUPIDIER THAN HE WAS BEFORE....



ELSEWHERE

MART, WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON THE PAVEMENT, YOU OAF!

WAITING FOR UN-EMPLOYMENT TO GO DOWN OF COURSE, WHERE YOU GOING TO?



I JUST REMEMBERED. ITS 3 DAYS TILL IVOR SIGNS ON NEXT, HE MIGHT NOT BE UP YET!

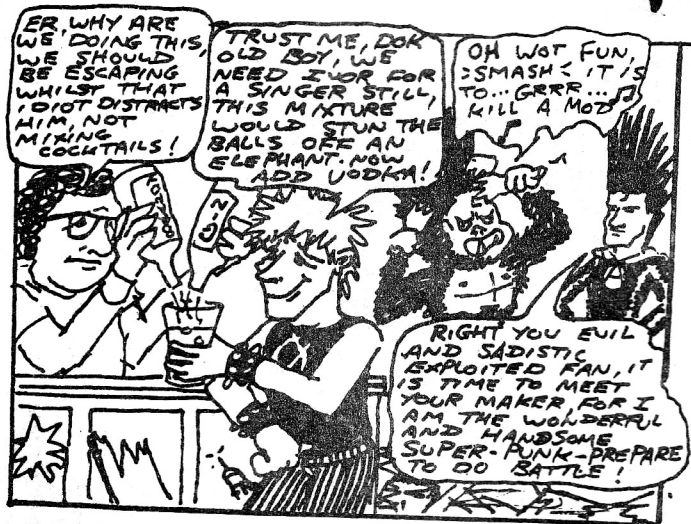
NAH, HE'S UP OK, I CAN HEAR SCREAMING HE MUST BE LISTENING TO A DISCHARGE RECORD OR SOMETHING!



AT S.A.S H.Q.





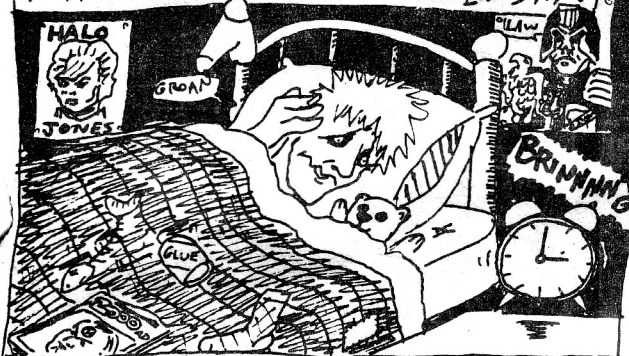


# A DAY IN THE <sup>WASTED</sup> LIFE OF MART

A DELVE INTO MARTS DIARY BY MICK BLADDER

MART IS  
A REGISTERED  
TRADE MARK  
OF THE MIGHTY  
GREEN/BLADDER  
CORPORATION!

3:00.... AWAKE REFRESHED AND READY  
TO FACE THE CHALLENGE OF THE NEW DAY!



3.30, A NOURISHING BREAKFAST



4:00 - FIRST GLUE OF  
THE DAY...



7:00.... COME ROUND



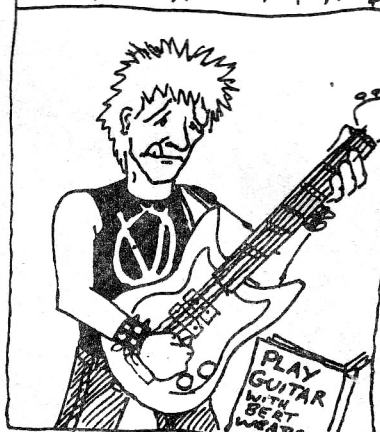
7.15.... GO BORROWING CASH



7.30, HOME VIA HARDWARE SHOP



7.45, GUITAR PRACTISE



7.50 MORE GLUE FOR CONCENTRATION



8:00 SET OFF  
NIGHTCLUBBING



10:00 ARRIVE



10:00 - LET IT ALL HANG OUT



11:30 STAGGER HOME  
FOR AN EARLY NIGHT





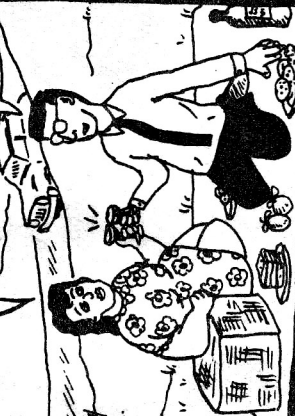
# PUNKENSTEIN!

IT IS A SUNNY DAY, WHEN A YOUNG COUPLE ARE OUT, ENJOYING THE SPLENDOR OF THE COUNTRYSIDE...

OH, DAVID. IT'S SO NICE HERE, SO PEACEFUL, DON'T YOU THINK?

YES, LAURA, NOTHING COULD POSSIBLY HAPPEN HERE TO SPOIL OUR FUN!

ART  
RICHO.H.  
SCRIPT  
JOHN  
GREEN.



BUT, UNKNOWN TO OUR TWO LOVEBIRDS, SOMETHING INDEED IS ABOUT TO SPOIL THEIR FUN...

ON DAMN!! I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT THEY ARE GOING TO STEAL MY CAR.

BUT FRANK, I THOUGHT YOU'D LOST YOUR LICENSE?

DAVID, DARLING, WHAT ARE THOSE TWO MEN DOING WITH YOUR CAR?

SHUT UP YOU IDIOT! YOU DON'T NEED A LICENSE WHEN YOU'RE STEALING CARS, DOLT!!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY CAR?

OH DAVID, WHAT ARE WE TO DO?

MY AGEING, CRIPPLED, DYING MOTHER IS BOUND TO WORRY, WE'LL HAVE TO GET TO A PHONE.

MY GOD, THOSE BASTARDS HAVE STOLEN MY CAR. HOW ON EARTH ARE WE GOING TO GET HOME?

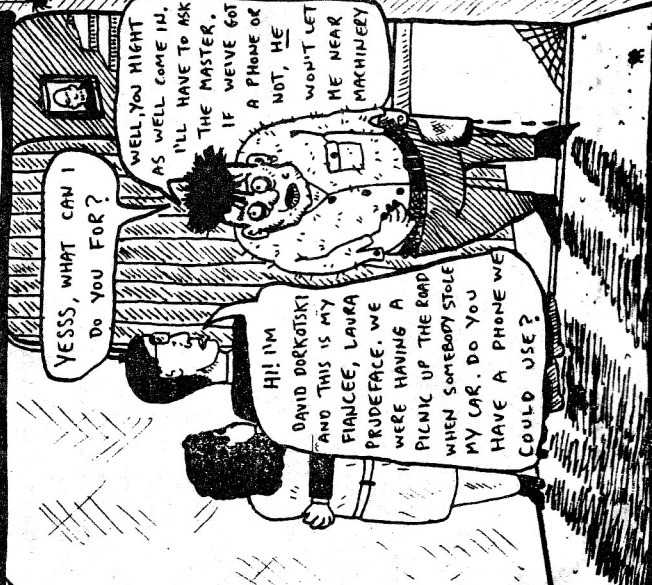
DO YOU THINK THIS PLACE WILL BE SAFE TO GO TO, DAVID? IT LOOKS A BIT STRANGE TO ME

OF COURSE IT'LL BE SAFE. WE ONLY WANT TO USE THEIR PHONE. NOTHING CAN POSSIBLY HAPPEN TO US HERE

WARRIORS!

BLOODRICHEN CASTLE

AFTER TAPPING THE DOOR FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS, IT IS EVENTUALLY OPENED



YESS, WHAT CAN I DO YOU FOR?

WELL, YOU MIGHT AS WELL COME IN. I'LL HAVE TO ASK THE MASTER. IF WE'VE GOT A PHONE OR NOT, HE WON'T LET ME NEAR HIS MACHINERY

HI! I'M DAVID DOKRATSKI AND THIS IS MY FIANCEE, LAURA PRUDEFACE. WE WERE HAVING A PICNIC UP THE ROAD WHEN SOMEBODY STOLE MY CAR. DO YOU HAVE A PHONE WE COULD USE?

THEY HAVE ADEQUATE BODIES, MASTER. THEY'D BE USEFUL FOR YOUR EXPERIMENTS AND, AHEM, PERHAPS I COULD HAVE ANY SPARE PARTS YOU'LL HAVE NO USE FOR? (YUM)

WASTE.

GOD, IT'S SO HARD TO GET DECENT SCRAMBLES NOWADAYS. HE'LL HAVE TO GO!!!

SORRY TO DISTURB OH MIGHTY, WISE, HANDSOME AND GENERALLY FAB DR. PUNKENSTEIN. WE HAVE VISITORS. THEY WANT TO KNOW IF WE HAVE A PHONE THEY COULD USE?

SHUT UP, BUMCHUM, YOU PISS POOR EXCUSE FOR A LIVING ORGANISM. WHAT ARE THE VISITORS LIKE, DO THEY HAVE GOOD BODIES?

VERY WELL YOU SHMELLING PIECE OF SHIT. TAKE THEM TO THE GUEST ROOM AND KUSTLE UP SOME FOOD. TELL THEM I'LL GIVE THEM THE PLEASURE OF MEETING ME, LATER

SOY WASTE.

SO, BUMCHUM TAKES OUR HEROES TO THE GUEST ROOM...



SIT DOWN, THE MASTER WILL BE WITH YOU PRESENTLY. WOULD YOU LIKE SOMETHING TO EAT?

I RIGHT AS WELL PATTEN THEM UP, NEH! NEH!

DON'T YOU HAVE A PHONE WE COULD USE? I MEAN, WE DON'T WANT TO BE UNGRATEFUL OR ANYTHING BUT WE'D LIKE TO BE ON OUR WAY

WHO DID THE PAINTINGS, THEY'RE A BIT STRANGE, AREN'T THEY?

FINALLY, WHILST EATING A HORRIBLE MEAL, THEY GET TO MEET PUNKENSTEIN

HELLO, MY NAME IS DR. VON PUNKENSTEIN. I AM A GENIUS. GLAD TO MEET YOU. THE PLEASURE IS ALL YOURS

DO YOU HAVE A PHONE WE COULD USE? YOU SEE, OUR CAR HAS BEEN STOLEN...

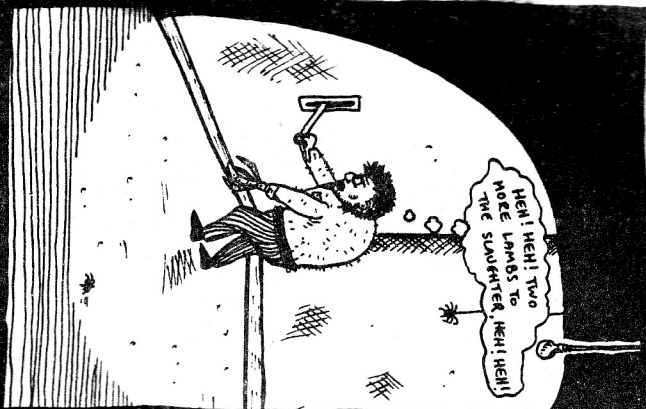
WHAT IS THIS SHIT?? I'M MEAD WE DON'T HAVE SUCH MODERN APPLIANCES AS A PHONE HERE BUT YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY THE NIGHT. THE MILKMAN WILL BE HERE IN THE MORNING. I'M SURE HE'LL GIVE YOU A LIFT TO THE VILLAGE

SEEMS OK TO ME...

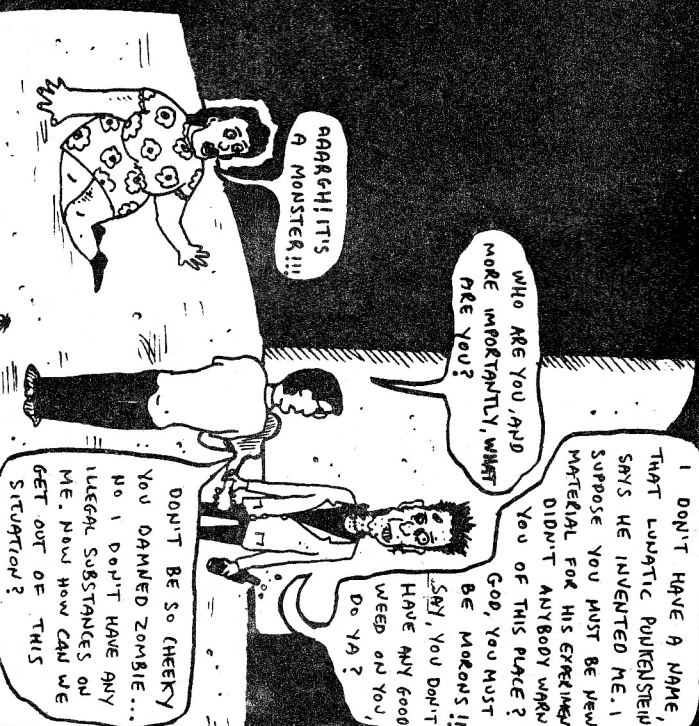
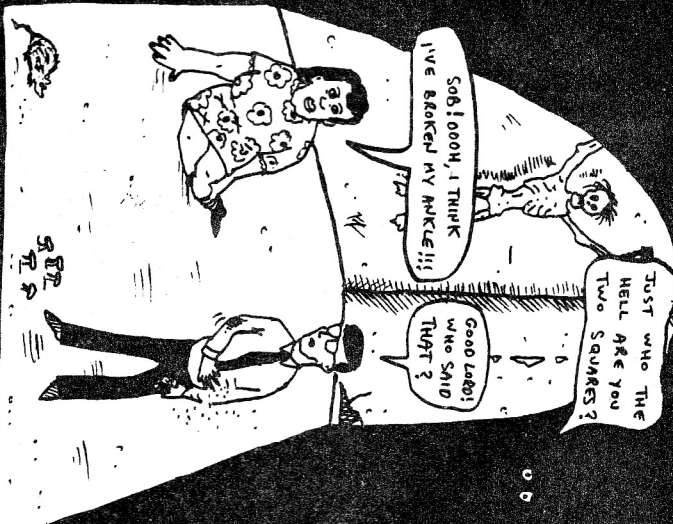
AFTER A LONG WALK ALONG THE COUNTRYSIDE, GETTING LOST SEVERAL TIMES IN THE PROCESS, DAVID AND LAURA FINALLY ARRIVE AT THE CASTLE



MEANWHILE, UNKNOWN TO OUR HEROES, BUNCHUN IS UP TO NO GOOD...



THE FLOOR BENEATH LAURA AND DAVID GIVES WAY



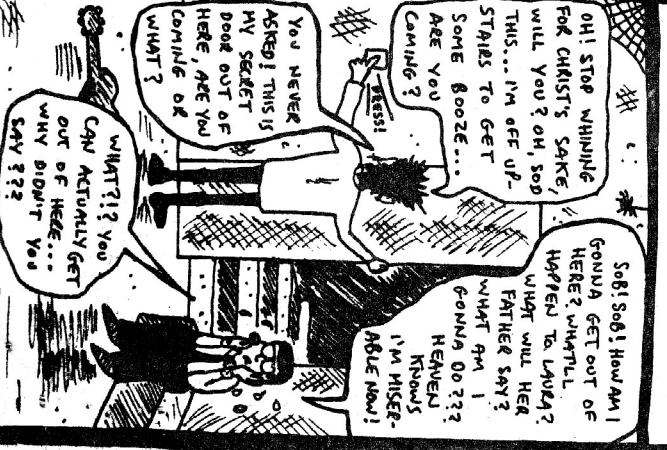
UPSTAIRS, AT THE LABORATORY...



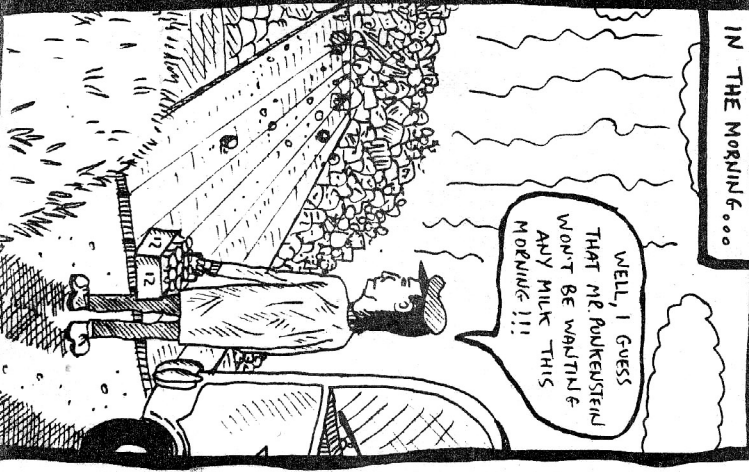
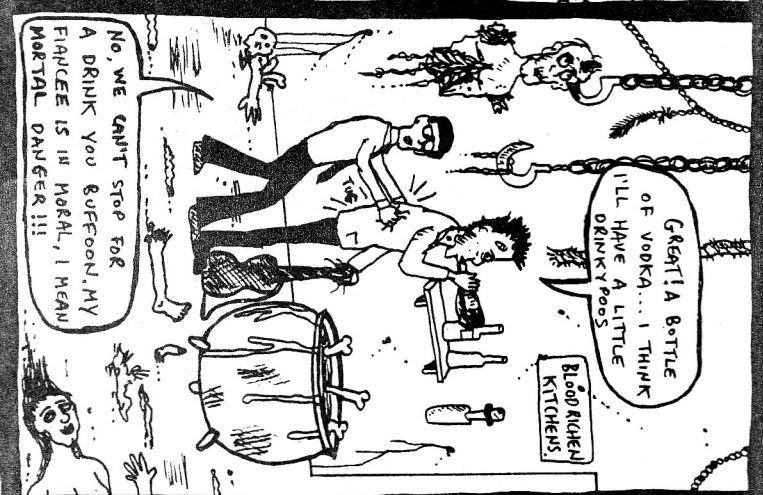
FIVE MINUTES LATER...



BACK IN THE DREARY DUNGEONS...







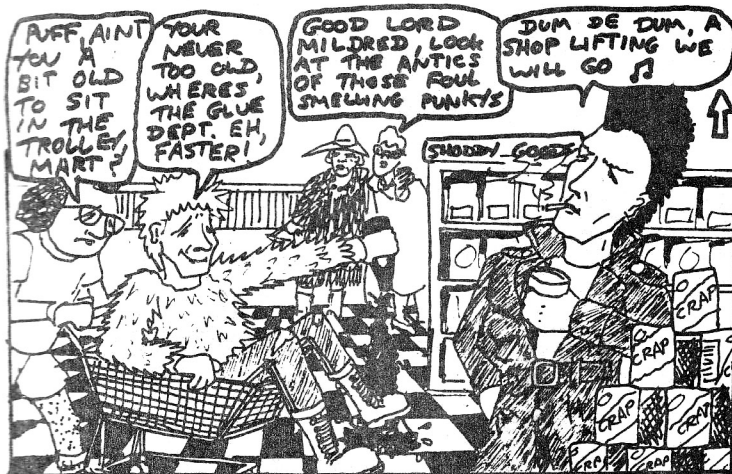
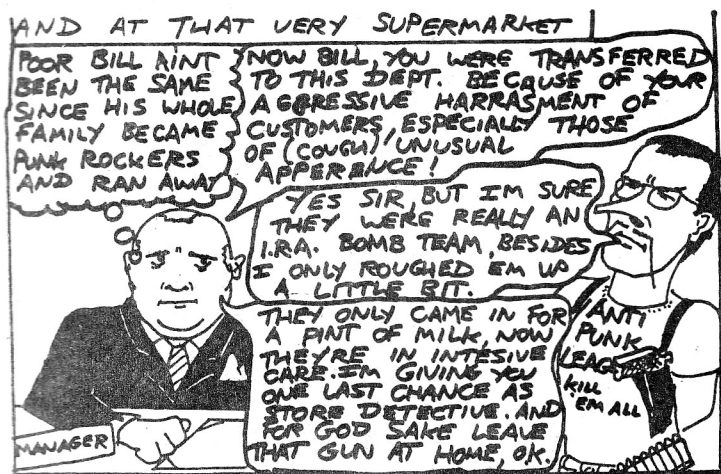
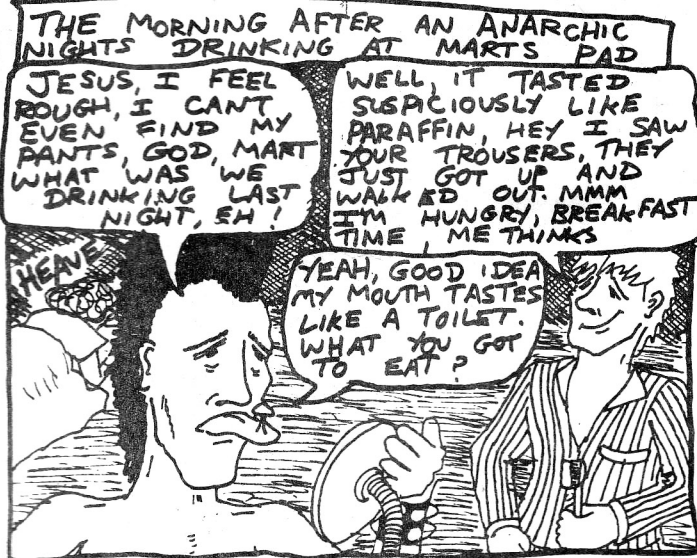


# IVOR THE

# ANARCHIST

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CREDIT CARD	
SCRIPT	ART
JOHN GREEN	MICK BLADDER





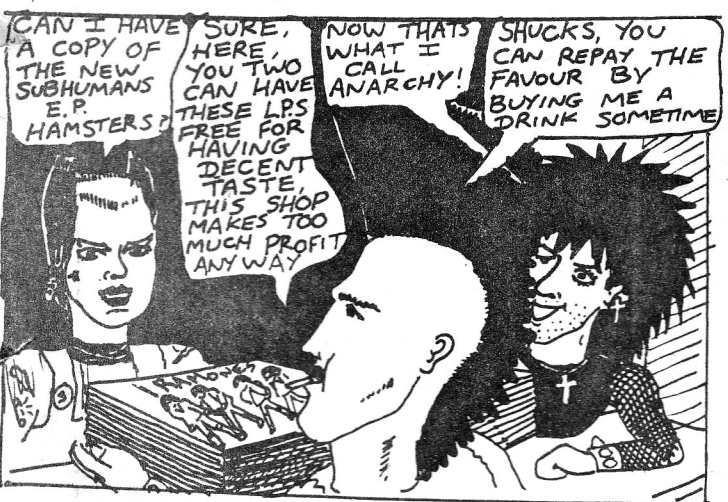
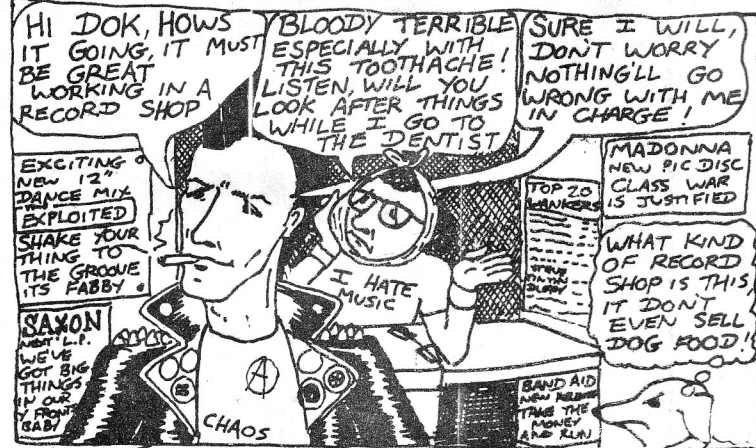
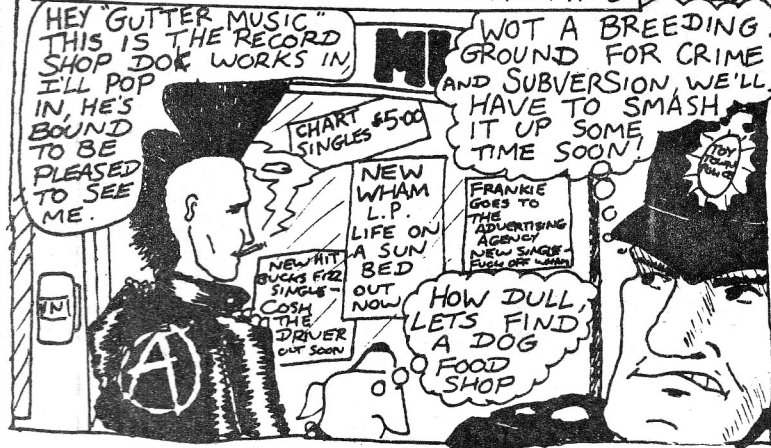
# IVOR

# THE ANARCHIST

NO. 22  
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CREDIT CARD	
SCRIPT	ART
JOHN GREEN	MICK BLADDER

## IVORS OUT WINDOW SHOPPING







# MOTOTIT

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CREDIT	
SCRIPT	ART
JOHN (THE BROTHER) GREEN	MICK (THE MURDER) BLADDER

ITS FRIDAY NIGHT AND OUR HERO IS HOME WATCHING EVERYONES FAVORITE T.V. SHOW, E.C.T.!



LATER MART VISTS

